

[24/06/08][21:38:39] -

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Title: =Troubling-Observations=

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Good Evening Sosarians,

It has been some  
time since we have  
spoken dear countrymen.

I  
do hope this scripture  
finds you in good health  
and free from oppression.  
Me? Why how pleasant of  
you to ask. I fare as  
well as any other could in  
these turbulent times in  
which we live, but within  
this most auspicious work  
of literature permit me  
then in lieu of the more  
commonplace sobriquet, to  
suggest the character of  
this dramatis persona.

Tonight I come before you  
to speak of the recent  
influx of the "Vampiric  
Kindred", for the sake of  
reference we shall refer  
to them as "Hemophiles".  
Before we begin, allow  
me to rekindle a joke I  
was once told ;

"Man goes to doctor.  
Says he's depressed. Says  
life seems harsh and  
cruel. Says he feels all  
alone in a threatening  
world where what lies  
ahead is vague and  
uncertain. Doctor says  
"Treatment is simple.  
Great clown Pagliacci is  
in town tonight. Go and  
see him. That should pick  
you up." Man bursts into  
tears. Says "But Doctor...  
I am Pagliacci."

I have began this work  
with that small work of  
humor because the  
"Hemophiles" have become  
jaded with existence,  
Hypocritic, and lethargic.  
I do sincerely apologize to  
disgrace any kindred of  
the night with this, the  
most livid of undead that  
I have encountered have  
been rather interesting.

The beings I refer to  
currently inhabit Minoc,  
and a small sect resides  
within the walls of the  
defiled city of Luna.

There are three basic  
tenents that I have  
encountered that have  
spurred me to publicize.  
First, the flaunt of their  
wealth and power.

Second, their constant  
reference to the majority  
of other flavors of  
sentient beings being  
"inferior".

And Finally, the recent  
request for "Vampire  
Rights".

I shall begin with the  
wealth. I have witnessed  
more then one of their  
ranks, or atleast  
associates, sauntering  
about Luna with all the  
the baubles pilfered from  
all manner of creature  
about our realm.

Deviations slaying the  
natural order only to  
raise their quote  
"superiority" as a race.

End Quote. How they sit  
within their ivory tower  
and scoff down into the  
mud, and yet they  
descend their thrones of  
brilliance and herculian  
might to squavel and  
disrupt our synods! How  
they come down from the  
jewel inlaiden monistaries

to drink our wine and  
kidnap our countrymen!  
This leads directly into  
my next point of  
"superiority". How they  
scoff at our ways! How  
they insult us and cast a  
dissaproving eye twards  
us! Hypocrisy! Are they  
so lonely in the pantheon  
of excellence that they  
must come run about  
with the cattle! Is post  
Mortem Biocentric  
Corporality so bland and  
boring! Heavy weights of  
enternal youth doth rest  
like a crown of thorn on  
our superior's brows! And  
Heavy brows at that!

Look at the opression  
they withstand in their  
Soverign lands! Look at  
their oppressors and you  
will see what I  
see...Noone. They live in  
free lands and expect  
rights in the lands that  
they pillage and defile for  
an evening meal! Why ask  
for rights in a land you  
do not live in or are  
ruled by unless you are  
indeed so tired of  
existing that you must  
trouble others to pass  
the inconsequential setting  
sun! I propose that if  
these beings truly do sigh  
and whimper in the face  
of apathy that we  
release them to a better  
life! Call it act of  
kindness or Compassion as  
the Imortal Eight proclaim  
it. They are leech! They  
are PARASITES! A  
barnacle clung to the  
underbelly of society, but  
with each suckle they rob  
us of our comrades! The  
only audible sound their  
self-praises and the  
endless salvo of inferior  
citation! I propose we  
cast off these leechers!

There was a time I recall  
when our "beloved" Regent

slit the throats of elves  
in the streets! I cannot  
condone such nonsense as  
worth-while behavior. I will  
be the last man to agree  
with the Humanis actions,  
but why spill the blood of  
innocent beings when a  
race of bloodthirsty  
warmongering ghouls rot  
your soecietry at the  
core! Why spill the blood  
of elves? Let the blood  
of the hemophiles feel  
the cool metalic fate!

This is a request, nay,  
this is a POLITICAL  
CALL TO ACTION. Take  
action against these  
fiends before your  
servents become servents  
of the night! Before your  
Sosorian born Brothers  
are beating at your doors  
and windows! Before we  
must burn our children  
and house hold pet to  
spare them the eternal  
ennui! In the footsteps of  
a greater author than I, I  
have anticipated the  
debate. I am aware that  
only a child vampire may  
feed on animal, I am also  
aware that the teneants  
of vampire law speak  
against the

transformation of  
children. But in the eyes  
of greater hemophiles  
that I spoke to during  
the time of this  
composition, these beings  
are but children, whining  
and suckling at anything  
they misconstrue as a  
teet! I am also aware of  
their arrest of Adrien  
Garnier some time ago,  
they have attempted to  
impose rule apon the  
people of Britania and  
therefore have been  
deemed opressive war  
mongerers! Adiue, and  
Sossoria Prevails!\*below  
sits a strange seal,  
saddly, because of the

mass produced nature it  
is unreadable at this  
time\*

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